

DELL
Exciting
Adventures

SUGARFOOT

NOV 1944
Still 10¢
NO 1147

Tom Brewster
helps a friend
save his
freight
business
from
strange
"accidents"!

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SUGARFOOT

BATTLE OF GOLD HILL



Tom Brewster's efforts to help gather evidence against an unscrupulous man are challenged by a series of violent incidents.



But Tom fights back, collecting proof which will put an end to a reign of terror and restore justice to the town of Gold Hill.

MAUDE FOR MAYOR



In Wyoming, where women early won the right to vote, Tom finds himself campaigning for a lady who is running for a public office.



And when he discovers that the opposition's candidate has no intention of playing fair, Tom has to resort to a ruse of his own.

SUGARFOOT BATTLE OF GOLD HILL

[illegible]









YOU'RE QUITTING?

I CAN'T JEOPARDIZE THE LIVES OF MY MEN ANY LONGER... IF I KEEP FIGHTING LINDEMAN, I'LL GO BROKE AND MORE PEOPLE WILL GET HURT!



LOOKS LIKE THE ONLY ANSWER IS TO SIGN UP FOR HIS **SERVICE**... OR GO OUT OF BUSINESS!

AND JUST WHAT ARE THERE **SERVICE**?



THERE **AREN'T** ANY... THAT'S JUST IT! IT'S ACCIDENT PROTECTION AND IF YOU DON'T PAY LINDEMAN, HE **MAKES** THE ACCIDENTS HAPPEN!

CAN'T THE **LAW** DO ANYTHING?



THE SHERIFF'S SCARED OF HIM, TOO... ANYWAY, WE CAN'T **PROVE** ANYTHING, TOM!

THE LAWS OF THIS LAND WORK FOR ALL OF US, TOM... IF A MAN BREAKS THEM, HE'S GOT TO BE PUNISHED!



...AND IT'S JUST AS IMPORTANT THAT A MAN LIKE YOU KEEP FIGHTING TO UPHOLD THE LAWS!

THAT'S EASY TO SAY... BUT I CAN'T HANG ON FROM THE MINES WITHOUT DRIVERS, AND I DON'T BLAME THEM FOR QUITTING ME!



NOW ABOUT HIRING ME? I'VE BEEN STUDYING LAW FOR A LONG TIME, TOM... SOMEDAY, I HOPE TO BE A LAWYER!

YOU **HAVEN'T** TO GET INVOLVED IN THIS?





FOUR OTHERS... AND EVERY ONE OF THEM SIGNED WITH LINHAM... THEY JUST COULDN'T AFFORD TO FIGHT HIM!

MAYBE WE CAN GET THEM TO BACK US UP, JIM! IF WE HAD ALL THE OTHER LINES ON OUR SIDE...



I DOUBT IT, TOM... MAYBE YOU DON'T REALIZE YET JUST HOW SCARED SOME OF THOSE PEOPLE ARE!

I'LL TALK TO THEM ANYWAY... ANYTHING'S WORTH TRYING AND WE'VE GOT TO START SOMEPLACE!

TOM WITS ONE OF THE OTHER FREIGHT LINE OWNERS.



SORRY, BREWSTER... I KNOW I'M PAYING TOO MUCH FOR THIS PACIFY PROTECTION, BUT IT'S BETTER THAN HAVING MY MEN ENDANGERED!

BUT YOU CAN'T LET ~~GAM~~ RAN DO THIS TO YOU!



TWENTY YEARS AGO I WOULD HAVE AGREED WITH YOU... BUT I'M GETTIN' ON IN YEARS... I'M SORRY, SON... IT'S JUST NO USE!



TOM TALKS TO THE OTHERS, BUT THE ANSWER IS THE SAME...

JIM CAN'T DO IT ALONE, MR. LANAHAN... HE HAS TO HAVE SUPPORT!

I'M WITH HIM IN SPIRIT, MISTER... BUT I'M AFRAID I CAN'T RISK MY LINE TO HELP HIM!



MY OWN BOY HAS TOLLED TRYIN' TO FIGHT LINHAM, AND HIS MEN... THE DAY THAT HAPPENED WAS THE DAY I DECIDED TO SIGN UP WITH HIM!

DON'T YOU REALIZE THIS COULD SPREAD... SOON WE'LL MOVE INTO OTHER AREAS... INTIMIDATE OTHER PEOPLE!





WHEN THE
SMOKE
CLEARS...

AT LEAST WE'RE
STILL ALIVE!

JUST BY A
WHISKER!



YOU SEE HOW
WHAT I MEAN
BY SUDDEN-
LIKE?

I SEE PERFECTLY WHAT
YOU MEAN, JOE...AND IT'S
TIME I TRIED ONE
OTHER METHOD...



WHAT'S
THAT,
BREWSTER?

I'M GOING TO HAVE A
TALK WITH **ED LINPHAM,**
HIMSELF!



LATER...

MR. LINPHAM, I'VE COME TO
DELIVER A MESSAGE...FROM
JIM STEVENSON!

IS JIM READY
TO FIGHT UP
WITH ME?



A SHORT TIME LATER, DUNDHAM MEETS WITH TWO OF HIS MEN, BLAKE AND KINLEY...

THIS BREWSTER FELLA IS A REAL FIRE-EATER... IT'S TIME WE MADE HIM *SWALLOW* SOME OF THAT FLAME!

WE'LL TAKE CARE OF IT, BOSS!



I DON'T CARE WHAT YOU DO, JUST DO SOMETHING! I WANT THAT STEVENSON LINE SIGNED UP... OR OUT OF BUSINESS! AND I WANT IT *SOON!*



THE NEXT DAY, AS TOM AND JOE APPROACH THE RAILROAD STOPS WHERE THE ORE IS TO BE UNLOADED...



I'M LOOKING FOR THE FOREMAN, WATER... ANY IDEA WHERE...

I'M THE FOREMAN!



WHAT HAPPENED TO PETE?

DON'T ASK ME... BUT, I GUESS... I JUST STARTED WORKING TODAY!









I REPORTED WHAT HAPPENED TODAY TO THE SHERIFF... LIKE YOU SAID, THERE WASN'T ANYTHING HE COULD DO... OR WANTED TO DO!



BUT SHERIFF OR NO SHERIFF, WE'LL BEAT LINNHAM... I DON'T KNOW HOW OR WHEN... BUT WE'LL DO IT!



I WISH SOME OF THAT CONFIDENCE WOULD RUB OFF ON ME!... I CAN SURE USE IT!

THAT NIGHT...

THE WAGONS ARE AROUND BACK!



LINNHAM'S MEN MOVE AROUND BEHIND THE STEVENSON FREIGHT OFFICE...



LET'S GET THIS OVER WITH FAST!



THIS OUGHTA SLOW 'EM DOWN REAL GOOD!

SPLASH!

WHOOSH!

SUDDENLY...

HEY, WHAT'S GOIN' ON OUT THERE?







BECAUSE YOU AND THE BOYS
ARE GOING TO TAKE A LITTLE
MOONLIGHT RIDE...AND THIS
TIME IT'LL BE YOUR LAST!



LET'S GO,
BREWSTER...

MAKE IT GOOD, BOYS...SO THEY
DON'T FIND HIM FOR A
LONG TIME!



THOSE MEN...
THEY'VE GOT TOM!

TOM!



JIM'S SHOUT GIVES TOM HIS CHANCE...



TOM DIVES FOR COVER NEAR HIS FRIEND...

I CHANGED MY
MIND, TOM...

AND NOT A MOMENT
FOR JIMMY!





THROUGHOUT THE GOLD HILL AREA, LINDBHAM MEN ARE SEARCHED OUT BY THE FREIGHTERS...

LET'S GO, BOYS... YOU'VE GOT SOME QUESTIONS TO ANSWER...



AND ONE BY ONE, THE HENCHMEN ARE ROUNDED UP AND BROUGHT TO TOWN...

TWO MORE, BOYS!



TWO WEEKS LATER, THE TRIAL OF LINDBHAM AND HIS MEN COMES TO A CLOSE...

TEN YEARS FOR LINDBHAM... LIFE FOR TWO OTHERS AND LESSER SENTENCES FOR TWENTY-TWO MEN... A JOB WELL DONE!

WITH ALL THOSE WITNESSES COMING FORWARD AND SPEAKING UP, IT WAS EASY, JIM...



ONCE PEOPLE REALIZE THE LAW WORKS FOR THEM, IT ISN'T HARD TO CONVINCE THEM TO FIGHT A MAN LIKE LINDBHAM! THIS TOWN WAS JUST SCARED!

WHAT ABOUT YOU, TOM? YOU RISKED YOUR LIFE... WEREN'T YOU EVER...



SCARED? GUESS I WAS A BIT, JIM... BUT DOSSONE, I'M JUST A BIG ENOUGH FOOL TO GO AHEAD ANY! RISK MY NECK ANYWAY...

BOY, SUGARFOOT, I'D SURE HATE TO BE FIGHTIN' AGAINST YOU IF YOU WERE REALLY AFRAID OF SOMETHING!



SUGARFOOT MAUDE FOR MAYOR

ELECTIONS IN THE WEST WERE SOMETIME VIOLENT, AND TOM ROOSTER FOUND IT OUT PERSONALLY IN THE SMALL TOWN OF ROCK FLATS, WYOMING...

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, I'M HERE TO INTRODUCE OUR NEXT MAYOR... A WOMAN YOU ALL KNOW! HER HUSBAND DID A FINE JOB WHEN HE WAS MAYOR... AND NOW THAT HE'S GONE ON, SHE CAN CARRY ON IN HIS FOOTSTEPS TO BRING YOU HONEST AND EFFICIENT CITY GOVERNMENT! HERE SHE IS... MAUDE BROWN!

WE DON'T WANT A WOMAN MAYOR, SUGARFOOT! GO BACK TO YOUR LAW BOOKS!



YEAH! WE DON'T NEED A FEMALE TELLIN' US WHAT TO DO! I'M AGAINST IT!

AS I WAS SAYING LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...

I'M FOR DAN STONE FOR MAYOR!

BOYS... YOU CAN VOTE ANY WAY YOU WANT... BUT I'VE SURE GOT A RIGHT TO GET UP HERE AND SPEAK MY PIECE!



THE STARTLED TEAM BOLTS...

"THEY'LL BE KILLED!"



SWIFTLY, TOM HURTS INTO THE SADDLE TO GIVE CHARGE...



THE FRANTIC RACE LEADS INTO OPEN COUNTRY...

"EASY, MOM! TOM'LL GET 'EM STOPPED! HE'S GAINING ON US FAST!"



AFTER A SHORT PAUSE, TOM REINDEERS THE RUNAWAY TEAM...

"STEADY, BOY!"



AND A MOMENT LATER, MAUDE AND HER SON, BILLY, ARE SAFE...

"WHOO! WHOO!"



"YOU DRIVE 'EM ON BACK TO TOWN, FOLKS! I'M GOING TO HAVE A FEW WORDS WITH THOSE FELLAS THAT STARTED THE TROUBLE!"

"NOW, YOU BE CAREFUL, TOM!"



TOM ARRIVES IN TOWN IN A FIGHTING MOOD...









THAT NIGHT, TOM RELATES THE EVENTS OF THE DAY...

WE'VE STAYED THEM
SO FAR, MAUDE... AND
WE'LL KEEP ON!

MY, IT SEEMS AS IF THE MEN ON DAN STONE'S
SIDE WILL STOP AT NOTHING!



BUT IT'S NOT JUST
THEM, TOM... IT'S
THE FOLKS IN TOWN,
TOO! I'M NOT SURE
THEY'LL ACCEPT A
WOMAN MAYOR!

YOU KNEW YOU'D BE
FIGHTING CONVENTION
WHEN YOU DECIDED
TO RUN, MAUDE!
REMEMBER, HERE
IN WYOMING, WOMEN
CAN VOTE THE SAME
AS MEN!

I KNOW, TOM! AND I'VE
GOT TO WIN! MY HUSBAND
FOUGHT SO HARD TO
MAKE THIS A CLEAN
TOWN!

AND YOU'LL
KEEP IT CLEAN,
MAUDE! I'VE
GOT A FEELING
THE FOLKS
KNOW THAT!



I HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT,
TOM! YOU'LL NEVER
KNOW HOW MUCH
THIS MEANS
TO ME!

YOU'LL
WIN, MAUDE...
I JUST
KNOW YOU
WILL!



THE NEXT DAY, IN TOWN...

WOLD IT A MINUTE, BREWSTER!
I WANT TO TALK TO YOU!

ALL
RIGHT, MR.
STONE!
SPEAK YOUR
PIECE!





A SHORT TIME LATER, IN ROUGH COUNTRY OUTSIDE OF ROCK FLATS...



AND IT SEEMS THAT TOM IS HIT...



BUT YANCY IS WRONG...





AT MAUDE'S RANCH.

OH, TOM! YOU COULD HAVE BEEN KILLED! IT'S NOT WORTH IT! I'LL DROP OUT OF THE RACE!

NOT ON YOUR LIFE, MAUDE! YOU'RE A FIGHTER! YOU CAN'T QUIT NOW! REMEMBER, I'VE GOT A PLAN THAT MIGHT MAKE STONE DO THE QUITTING!



THE DAY OF THE ELECTION DAWNS BRIGHT AND CLEAR...



SUDDENLY, BILLY BROWN JUMPS UP ON THE PLATFORM...







DELL
COMIC

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SUGARFOOT

MEN and LAWS



In a West without written law, men had their own ideas of what was and was not lawful, for these pioneers had not come from savage, uncivilized lands. All of them had left a home where law had had meaning, and they felt that it was their duty to formulate laws for the new land they had chosen.



Some Indian customs became unwritten laws in the West. The death penalty for horse thieves was practiced by Indians, and the white settler felt it was a just verdict.



Also, during a hunt, the first man touching a wild horse became its owner. And any man who left another in the wilds without a horse was subject to severe punishment.



Early jails were flimsy constructions. They were inadequate for restraining prisoners, so trials were quickly conducted.



Lack of court procedure made one judge's method of fixing misdemeanor cases outstanding. After hearing a plea, he consulted a leather-bound mail-order catalogue, selecting an item at random. The cost became the fine, and a person felt lucky if the selection had been \$1.75 slippers instead of \$175 saddles.

SUGARFOOT RESOURCEFUL FREIGHTERS



The mining towns in the West lacked many commodities which miners once considered necessities or commonplace things in their daily lives. And, although their pockets bulged with gold, they could not spend it unless some courageous freighter braved the wilds to bring merchandise into mining country.



One scarcity in South Dakota was cats. Mice and rats infested mines and feasted on provisions. An enterprising freighter solved the problem by buying cats in Wyoming at a quarter a head and selling them to the miners in Dakota for \$10 and \$25 each.



In Denver, the miners paid a good price for a flock of turkeys which was brought from Iowa. A patient man, with two helpers and a wagon of corn, drove the birds across the plains. Such a change in diet was most welcomed by the miners.



Winter made hauling perishables a problem. However, one freighter successfully made the trip from Yankton to Deadwood with a load of eggs which sold for a dollar a dozen. By wrapping the eggs in paper and packing them in barrels of oats, they kept well.



But freezing weather helped two freighters in Omaha. They loaded two wagon beds with gallon cans of fresh oysters and covered the cans with water, then they let Nature freeze it into a solid mass. In Julesburg, they sold the oysters for \$10 a can.